

# LETANY

F O R

## S. O M E R S,

P A R T II.

*From the same Hand, and to the same Tune.*

*A whig thing. 29 April. 1682.*

**F**rom all that like the Triple Crown,  
And worship *Maries* silken Gown:  
From ev'ry *Corydon* and *Clown*,  
Who now are (in) or (out) of *Town*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all the *Rascally Befesters*,  
And all that like to go in *Fetters*:  
From all the *F A T E* of *Colemans Letters*,  
For which he was before his *Betters*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all who chuse to lye-in *Straw*,  
And all against that *Sweedish-Law*,  
Which keeps the *J E S U I T S* so in *Awe*,  
That there they dare not set a *Paw*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Enemies* to *Grace* and *Glory*,  
And from a *profligated TORT*:  
So charmed with *Romance* and *Story*,  
Not paying *Homage* to the *Hoary*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From him that putteth *Bad* for *Good*,  
But plainly (now) is *understood*:  
Who waiteth for a *Romish HOOD*,  
And longs to go in *Shoes* of *WOOD*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all the *Vile Knights* of *the Post*,  
That of their *Villany* do *boast*:  
From all that *Protestants* do *roast*,  
And also from an *IRISH-HOST*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that live to *Drink* and *Dance*,  
Who *Providence* turn into *Chance*:  
From all *Compliers* (now) with *France*,  
And from all *Enemies* to *P R A N C E*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that worship *Wafer-Gods*,  
And (vilely) *Nations* set at *Odds*:  
Who are (at best) but *earthen Clods*,  
And merit more than *Bridewell-Rods*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that plow with *Ox*, and *As*,  
And from a *Frenchified Lads*:  
From all *Adorers* of the *Mafs*,  
Who bow to *Wood*, and *Stone*, and *Brass*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From charmed ones with *Guiney-Pigs*,  
And all that bowl without their *Trigs*:  
From all who like the *Spanish Figs*,  
And *T O R I E S* who abhor the *W H I G S*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From every *Monopolizer*,  
And also from a *Temporizer*:  
From every fat *Gormandizer*,  
And from a *fordid Stigmatizer*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that set a *C O M P A S S* wide,  
Yet (only) study *Wind* and *Tide*:  
From all that play and cheat at *Hide*,  
And from a *Frenchified Bride*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Him* who is so full of *Ire*,  
As if he had some *savage Sire*: *gr Thomas Bladworth*  
Who could piss out the *City Fire*,  
So much as (then) *He* did *desire*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all who daily lay a *Snare*,  
For *Innocents*, but *Nocents* spare:  
Who in their handy-work may *share*,  
And not appear a *Match* for *C A R E*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From every insipid *'Jack*,  
That *Brains* as well as *Bags* doth *lack*:  
From *Newgate-Midwife*, and her *B L A C K*,  
Who plot for *Protestants* a *R A C K*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Millers* chiefly wishing *Grist*,  
And *Smiters* with a wicked *Fist*:  
From all that *P A P I S T S* (silly) *list*,  
And also from a *Scotish-Mist*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that's lately *falsely* made,  
And may to others be a *SHADE*:  
From all who drive the *Devils Trade*,  
And dare not call a *Spade* a *S P A D E*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From him that likes not *Treut*, or *Tench*,  
And from the *tyrannizing French*:  
From sending of another *W E N C H*  
To be indulged *Bed* and *Bench*.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From



From all the TORIES at S. Ives,  
And also from all Romish Knives:  
From (ruled) Husbands (ruling) Wives,  
And from all such domestick Lives.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all infernal Newgate-Art,  
That's now in value like a FART:  
Whomay in time experience Smarts,  
And ride to Tyburn in a CART.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all who deepest Oaths do think  
The greatest RHETORICK, and wink:  
From all that like to Lead may sink,  
*Duke.* Yet Heals to D. and Devil drink.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From every suborned PAIN,  
Who thirsteth for to slay the SLAIN:  
From all would go to Hell for Gain,  
And introduce a Foreign Train.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From FAUXES and their Lantborns dark,  
From Tyburn-Langborn's quondam Clark,  
Who roars, but sings not like a Lark,  
And meriteth his Masters Mark.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From PLUTO and from Popish NAT,  
Who eats in Lent no Lean nor Fat:  
From Sacramental-Roger's Car,  
And also from a Grape C U R A T.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From ev'ry perjured Elektor,  
And ev'ry Protestant Disseltor:  
From ev'ry daring, damming Heltor,  
And also from a shitten RECTOR.

*Libera nos, &c.*

Ah! but there's yet another Tool,  
Who is (at once) both Knave and Fool:  
Let him go to S. OMERS' School,

If that he cannot go to School;  
Alas! he is a broken Reed,  
Yet longeth Others for to bleed:  
But give me leave now to proceed,  
And cast away this stinking Weed.  
From that L'STRANGE, that's a strange Lee,  
Who stingeth worse than any Bee:  
This Norfolk Dumplin once did flee,  
From Englands POWER to get free:  
When this arise, I clearly see,  
Unto S. OMERS goeth HE,  
In Rimmons house to bow his Knee,  
For libelling to that Degree:  
But this would be a Grief to Me,  
Who should go rather for his Fee  
To NEWGATE; thence to TYBUKN-TREE.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From him that is the Devils Guest,  
Yet by a (ghostly) Father Blest:  
From Wakeman, Gascoin, and the rest,  
Who long have been the Nations PEST.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From him that understands not Reason,  
But like a NABAL calls it Treason;  
And from a Dish that's out of Season.

From him who knows not Sea from Channel,  
But leaves a Saddle for a Pannel,  
And would have all inserr'd in Flannel.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that break upon the Wheel,  
(VVhen they themselves no Torture feel);  
From all that whip with Rods of STEEL,  
And with a ROMAN-CUP do reel.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that limp, yet are not lame,  
And (solely) lay on others Blame:  
From every confessing DAME,  
And Others whom I dare not name.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From Him who makes a Galley-slave,  
And every out-landish Knave,  
That nothing more desires to have,  
Than live to dig anothers GRAVE.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From bloody Butchers, and dough Bakers,  
VVith all that are Foundation-shakers:  
From all S. OMERS Undertakers,  
And also from all Smithfield-Stakers.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From every informing Saul,  
That unto SATAN gives the Wall:  
To bring Dissenters into Thrall,  
Though into Hell himself doth fall.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From ev'ry Dog that will not fetch,  
And from a sanguinary KETCH,  
VVho is so merciless a Wretch,  
VVhen he at Tyburn Persons stretch.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From him who sees no Wood for Trees,  
And yet is busie as the Bees:  
From him that's settled on his Lees,  
And speaketh not without his Fees.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that cause domestick strife;  
A smoaking Chimney, stabbing Knife;  
A tired Horse, and scolding WIFE,  
That Death is wished and not Life.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From ev'ry (Military) Feast, *g. Military feast*  
VVhere ENOSH drinketh like a Beast,  
And where the Greatest is not Least.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all the Enemies to KNOX,  
And also from Pandora's BOX:  
From Adders unto Plebs VOX;  
And from the Frenchified POX.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that imitate Jane Shore,  
An (infamous) though (Royal) WHORE,  
And died in a Ditch therefore.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all Compliers with the Time,  
VVho judge not Sin to be a Crime:  
From all who boast themselves sublime,  
And will not buy this NON-CON-RIME.

*Libera nos, &c.*